

## WHAT IS THE ANSWER?















































MINISTRAL'S PROM ANOTHER WORLD? SOME YEARS





























THE FIRE WAS NO ACCIDENT! BUT WE'VE GOT NO EVIDENCE AGAINST THE CRIMINALS!

ACCIDENT! WE GO
TWE'VE GOT BACK TO
EVIDENCE LICKED? OF
RIMINALS! POWE STAY
AND FIGHT FO
OUR NEW
HOMES!

WELL ... DO



WE MAVE A CHANCE "WELL RATION WHATEVER FOOD IS LEFT. WE'LL SET UP EMERGENCY HYDROPONIC TANKS AND SROW MORE FOOD QUICKLY WITH CHEMICALS AND ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT. THE MOTOR'S OF THE SPACE SHIP WILL SUPPLY THE POWER WE'LL WEED!





YOUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK OUT MADDOCK! IF ANY MORE "ACCIDENTS" HAPPEN - I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU APART WITH MY BARE HANDS! AND I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK FOR PROOF THAT YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE!







































TIL USE THE SPACERADIO TO CALL THE COLONISTS AND TELL THEM TO PREPARE A JAIL FOR YOU! OOPS... WRONG SWITCH.

AND BEFORE I THINK ITU ME SIGN OFF, LEAVE THIS HERE'S A FOLLOW-UP ON ON! IT THE URANIUM SHOULD SHOULD SHOULD SHOULD SHOULD A WORLD A W

I THINK I'LL
LEAVE THIS
PROGRAM
N ON! IT
SHOULD SHO











## WRITTEN IN THE ROCKS

"You might as welf lace is, Carter," said Dr. Willoughly, head of the Willoughly Scellar Observatory, "up to this pnint were licked. We've been working for more than a hundred year, ever aime the first atomic motor experiments were tried in 1963, and while we've got the rockets and motors perfected, on paper, we haven't any mure idea of how we can get the proper fuel to power them than we had back a century ago!"

Carter Mason nodded. "You're absolutely right, doctor," he said. "I know that everything you say is true. And yet, somewhere in the back of my brain there's a feeling that the fuel we need has been discovered!"

"You mean ...?"

"Yes, sin," replied Carter with great feeling. "I want feeling that my fairther developed at the same time he developed the design for the basic mine he developed the design for the basic mine the plant feeling that the set of post. When Dad had completed his rocket ship since the plant feeling than the feel that the plant, he filed them in the Patent Olifec. Then he amounced that his fuel was too dangerous to be published. He mined that he was poig to try published. He mined that he was poig to try the published that the since the he was too dangerous to be tempted to follow his formulas and be killed. He took off, as we all know, headed for Mars. And that's the last thing that was ever heard of him and he ship." "a wheth DW Wilsonship kindle."

"And you think," asked Dr. Willoughby kindly, "that he had the secret of the proper fuel?"

"I do, indeed," replied Carter firmly. "Tve been atudying Dad's papers ever since he took off on his flight, and while I havon't hit on any clues as yet, I can't get rid of the feeling that his fuel was powerful enough to carry the Mason Rocketship to Mars."

"How do you account for the fact that we've never seen any sign of the ship on Mars?" asked-Dr. Willoughby. "We've never seen any traces of its landing, we never saw the ship explode, and they never came back."

"That last part of your statement, sir," seponded Carter, 'is proof of my feeling. Loaded as the ship was with high-explosive atomic fuel, fit had exploded anywhere en route, the telescopes you had trained on its path would have showed some sign. Likewise, if the ship had exploded on Mars, there would have been an atomic explosion which would have been visible in the telescoper.

The fact that nothing was ever seen makes me sure that Dad's ship landed safely on Marx, and that for some mechanical reason they weren't able to return. Maybe they didn't have enough field, or maybe something went wrong with the ship. I don't know. But I am sure," he continued with assurance, "that when the next Earth expedition reaches Marx, they'll find some traces of Dad's successful landing! Maybe they'll even find Dad and some of his men. still alive!"

Dr. Willoughby smiled. "Keep on feeling that way, son," he advised. "Your father will always live in the minds of the people to whom he left the first workable plant for a spaceship. And even if he didn't figure out the right fuel to power the ship, he was a great man, one of whom you can be

proud!"
After his interview with Dr. Willoughby, Carter
Maon returned to his work as observer at the
Maon returned to his work as observer at the
Stellar Observatory, charing the movements of
the stars and planets. Even since his earliest childlood, Carter's fasher had intitlled in him a love for
the wide spaces of interrellar pance, and he had
earlie for the advancement of selence. Carter would
not have been ashamed to admit that part of his
timesee proceognation with the star and planets
lay in his loope that somewhere, formehow, he would
not adjustice to a trace of his younding father!

In his spare time, Career Mason hausted the laboratories of the Observatory, swinting on the complex atomic mathematics involved in atomic structures of fuels. A handred different formulas were developed by him, and each discarded after experiment proved that it would not possess the power to carry a ship through space to Man. Other commulas, which and the power, were discarded formulas, which and the power, were discarded full that they would have not atomic tubes, or explode the ship in which they were about the power of the control of th

lode the ship in which they were stored.

But still he persevered.

Then one day, Carter arrived at his office, to

find his assistant, Ed Legrand, waiting with a sheaf of wires. "Take a look at these, Carter," said Ed. "The

"Take a look at these, Carter," said Ed. "The greatest eoncentration of meteors ever recorded has hit the Far West!"

"Did we get pictures?" domanded Carter eagerly.

"Sorry, we didn't" replied Ed. "We didn't know
about it until the reports started pouring in from

these different places where they hit."

The next day came another flood of telegrams, the only difference being that they all arrived from cities and regions in the central plains section of the United States. The text of the telegrams was the same as the first batch, stating that the greatest shower of meteors ever listed for that part of the country had fallen.

Carter, stirred by a strange intuition, rushed to Dr. Willoughby's office. "Doctor," he said excitedly, "I know a scientist is supposed to work on facts only, and not trust his intuition. But somehow I've got a definite uree to work on this meteor business. I can't help feeling that somehow it's tied up with Mars, and with my father, Would You give me a leave of absence?"

Dr. Willoughby chuckled. "I expected you to ask for that, Carter, I know how you feel, because I've had the same strange feeling myself. About the leave of absence. I can do better than that, I've already arranged for you to be relieved from your other duties, and assigned, instead, to study the meteor swarms. In that way you'll have all the facilities of the Observatory at your disposal, and you'll remain on salary while you're working." Carter was already at the door when he re-

membered to turn around, "Thank you very much. sir," he called out, as he vanished through the door. By the time Carter Mason reached his office. Ed

Legrand had still another aheaf of wires in his hand. "Hi, Carter," he greeted his chief. "This time they've concentrated on the Atlantic seaboard,"

"More meteors?" asked Carter. "Right, We've never seen anything like it. In each case there have been more meteors than the

Earth has ever known before, in one batch, and in each case they hit just in one section of the country." Carter sat down at his desk. "Have the meteors

been analyzed yet?" he asked. "No." Ed shook his head. "They all seem to be

a strange type of metal, different from anything on Earth, and the scientists who are working on an analysis say that it will be a while yet before they can hope to come up with any specifications on them."

"Then," said Carter slowly, "we haven't got anything to go on." He paused for a second. "Tell you what, though, Just for a jumping-off point, let's plot a map showing where they landed. Maybe there's something about the spots where they

fell that will give us a clue."

Ed Legrand set to work with a will. In a few moments, by judicious telephone calls, the huge wall of the office was covered with an outline man of the United States, and by a careful check of the telegrams and the use of three different-colored acts of push pins, the chart where each batch of meteors had fallen, was soon plotted. The maps told Carter and Ed exactly nothing.

All types of country had been hit by the meteors -mountain regions, desert, farm land and the outskirts of big cities. The only fact that kept running around in Carter's head was that no city had been hit by the meteors, confirming his suspicion that there was intelligent direction of some sort behind their aim!

It was not until a week later that Carter, weary almost to the point of collapse from his endless study of the map, decided that as long as sleep was impossible, he'd try reading some book to relax his tension. He reached for Paul White's treatise on Atomic Structures, and idly flipped through the pages. Suddenly he stiffened, as he stared fixedly at a diagram. Then, slowly, he looked up and called: "Ed, come here, please!"

When Ed Legrand came to Carter's side, Carter handed him the book, "Look at this diagram marked 'Mason's Basic Theory of Atomic Fuel Structure'," he ordered, When Ed complied, Carter continued, "Do you notice anything familiar about ie ? 20

Ed nodded excitedly, "Yes," he velled, "It's just like the pattern of the meteors on the map-but in the way the meteors landed there's one vital change that I can see would boost the power of the fissioning material immeasurably!"

Carter Mason smiled happily, "That's exactly what I saw, Ed," he said, "And it proves what Pve always been sure of. That my father knew the proper fuel to take his rocketship to Mars, and somehow, after landing there and not being able to get back to Earth, sent down a shower of meteors, aimed so that they would land in duplicate patterns of atomic structure, to tell us what we had to do to create a fuel which will carry men to the planets-and then to the far stars!"

"Well," cried Ed, "now you're going to make the

fuel. What then?" "First," answered Carter proudly, "I'm going to stop off on Mars to pick up Dad and his men-

. in our reach!"



















ALL THE SCHEMES AND PLOTS THAT MAD TWISTED THE MIND OF NED FARNSWORTH WERE ON THE BRINK OF FALLURE! COLD, CLAMMY FEAR SELZED HIS HEART BECAUSE HE THOUGHT THE WAST FEACH HE WAS READ TO KILL A LITTLE BOY WOULD SLIP THROUGH HIS FINGERS. BUT WHAT COULD HE DO AGAINST THE RIGURE THAT ROSE FROM THE GREAT LUMKNOWN... THE WEIGH PIGNER OF ...







































SINCE I KILED HIM! I'LL TELL THEM I WAS KNOCKED UN-CONSCIOUS... AWOKE TOO LATE TO SAVE ZERVIS!



MR. FARNSWORTH! WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T YOU MEET DR. ZERVIS AT THE STATION?

I HAO A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT! I - I.. DID YOU SAY ! DIDN'T MEET DR. ZERVIS?



FARNSWORTH RACES UP THE STAIRS TO BILLY'S

OR ZERVIS CAME

MERG ALONE HEIS MUST BE MISRIGHT NOW.
RIGHT NOW.

RIGHT NOW.

DEFATION!

LET ME SEE!

















NONSENSE! THERE MUST

THERE'S







PERFORMED

OPERATION

ON BILLY













LOOK AT THEM RUN! NOW THOSE SPACE RATE/LL CRAWL BACK IN THEIR HOLES! IT'S DISGRACEFUL! WHERE'S THE SOLAR GUARD? WHY CAN'T THEY PROTECT HON-



THIS IS MARSPORT, MISTER. WE,... WE'RE ALL THE CRIMINALS OF TR'ING TO HIRE SPACE GATHER HERE! A SPACESHIP... TO DOING SO PAR FROM THE CITY?

HEAR THAT, GAFFY ? THEY WANT TO GO TO THE ASTEROID BELT!

BUT WE'VE GOT A REASON! FATHER LEFT US A MAP SHOWING THERE'S



I'VE SEEN HUNDREDS OF MAPS LIKE THIS , NONE OF THEM ARE WORTH A MARSPENNY, GO HOME, MISS, YOU'LL JUST MACTE THE AND MONEY!



LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN. YOU'VE GOT A SPACESHIP... AND YOU'RE AN ASTROGATOR! YOU'RE AN ASTROGATOR! YOU HELP US FIND THAT ASTEROID TREASURE — AND ONE—THIRD OF IT IS



PLEASE, MELLINY POWE COTTANI ANA ROCLING WEST OCCUPY OF THE POWE WEST OCCUPY OF THE POWE POWE OF THE BLAST COPE OF THE STATE OF THE BLAST COPE OF THE BLAST



90 THEY TALKED CAPTAIN BRIGHT INTO TAKING THEM TO THE ASTEROIDS ... WHAT DO WE DO NOW, CHIEF?









THE AIR INSIDE OUR GLASSITE TILL BE CLAD TO GET OUT SURE IT IS ON EARTH. WE OF THESE



THERE'S ALMAYS A REASON WOU OLD SPACE—
NOW A PRETTY GAL POESAT
ONE OF THE STATE OF THE CONTROL OF THE STATE OF THE CONTROL OF







SURE...AND WHEN YOU'RE THROWING THE MONEY AWAY IN THE MIGHT CLUBS OF MARS -- REMEMBER

WE WORKED
HARD FOR CUR
SHARE...AND RISKED
OUR SPACESHIP
BESIDES ! IF YOU
OF THE DEAL -- GO
RIGHT AHEAD ! JUST

YOU'RE MY PARTNER, TOO, BOB!PLEASE STAY WITH US! THE STRAIN OF ALL THIS HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR STAN!



THE OF THE DEAL - GO
THE OF THE DEAL - GO
RIGHT AHEAD! JUST
PAY US FOR THE USE OF THE
SHIP AND OUR TIME! I
WOULDN'T WANT TO BE
YOUR PARTNER IN ANYTHING!

THE STRAIN ? SOUNDS LIKE PLAIN OLD GREED TO ME.

WHY SHOULD THEY GET A FULL THIRD SHARE?
I'LL WRECK THE STEERING GEAR--AND NEXT
TIME THEY LEAVE THEY CAN SHOOT OFF INTO
SPACE I THAT'LL BE THE END OF THEM !

HOLD IT! THAT YOUNG SPACE FOOL IS WRECK-ING THE STEERING MA-CHINERY! CAPTAIN BRIGHT AND OUD GAFFY WILL

HE'S POING OUR DIRTY WORK FOR U.S., CHIEF! WITH THEM TWO GONE-IT'LL BE A CINCH



TAKE OFF AND NEVER ESTURY I PELL WAT YOU AND THE GR. THE THE THE CONET OF AND THE GR.









THE TREASURE IS OURS

BRIGHT'S ROCKETSHIP

OFF INTO SPACE / WE'RE

EAVING THESE TWO

THIS ASTEROID -- WITH-

DUPES STRANDED ON

OUT AIR SUPPLIES !

MEN I NOW BLAST CAPTAIN





.. I BROKE THE

IT DOESN'T MAT-

TER ANY MORE!

WITHOUT BOB ---

I DON'T CARE

FOR ANYTHING.

I DON'T WANT THIS ACCUPATE TREAGURE!





# MOON Theory

THAT THE MOON WAS ONCE A PART OF THE SADTH!









THE EDEAT GADING CHASM IN THE



ENTIRELY TO THAT AREA!

## WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY!



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LIGH

BANG IT!
DROP IT!
THROW IT!



















ADDITION (THE PARTY OF THE PART

PRICESSMASHE







YOUR

start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents-just as

to train at my side years are. Now you can

s Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too LL-AROUND" H E-

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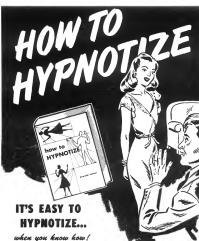
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